

THE CARBON NEWS

Vol. I, No. 31

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, February 17th, 1921

FRANK PETERS, EDITOR

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ROBIN HOOD
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Our Prices are Right on
**Men's Shoes and
Gent's Furnishings**

WILSON BROS.

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Town Topics

It has been so god-durn cold these last few days that we must get these few news items off our chest before they freeze up too.

The Curlers returned from Acme all intact. We understand that Chas. Burnett's rink won two games and Butcher Leitch's rink also repeated the dose. Owing to the eccentricities of the weather man, and sundry other excuses we believe that the Carbon boys did not play quite to 'form.'

MASQUERADE TIT-BITS.

A very successful masquerade was held in the Farmers' Exchange Hall last Thursday night. A large crowd was on hand and everybody had a great old time. The 'masking' was very good, some of the dresses being decidedly original and others very unique.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Best Dressed Couple:

Geo. McNeil and Nora Kettleson, as an old-fashioned pair.

Best Comic Couple:

Jim Harper, as a Hobo, and Miss Popplewell, as a Baby Doll.

If anyone desires to become familiar with all the latest steps of the Terpsichorean Art, we would advise them to consult Frank G... as he is an expert in this line.

Overheard at the bottom of the Hall Stairs:

Jim: (to Tom, who came down the stairs rather hurriedly) "Have you hurt yourself, Tom? Are there any bones broken?"

Tom: (After a full feeling and scrutinizing all his limbs and brushing the snow off) "I guess I've not broken anything. Let's go."

If some of these boxing promoters who are looking for a suitable opponent for Jack Dempsey would come to Carbon on a Dance night, we will guarantee they would find lots of likely looking talent.

There is always the odd 'beef' at these masquerades, who complains that the prizes are all awarded to the 'home products.' Guess we shall have to devise some sort of punishment for these 'spoil sports.'

I would suggest to our eminent Town Constable that he borrow the Dress from the lady who was masked as a 'starry night.' He would then be an 'all-star.'

Our sympathies are extended to Mrs. and Mr. E. Needham on the death of their infant son. The baby only survived a few days.

We had an unusual amount of week-end visitors and to judge by appearances, there must be a lot of people about here, who were born on Feb. 12th. We noticed one fellow trying to emulate Annette Kellerman in the snow. He was fairly adept at the breast stroke.

Ole Johnson 'the big Swede' also paid a return visit, and as usual he was trying to purchase a pair of 'Felt Boots.' Wish somebody would sell him a pair and then perhaps he would not bother the stores so often.

"Well Alfred, how are the cakes?"

THE

FARMERS' EXCHANGE

EVERYBODY'S STORE

We have just received a shipment
of Ladies' and Men's
**TWEED WATERPROOF
Spring Coats**

Call in and See These as Prices
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THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE

GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

CARBON MEAT MARKET

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Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
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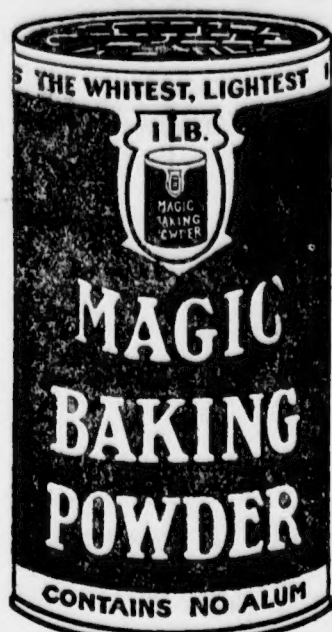
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CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

By the time you read this letter you will have started on a New Year. I wonder how many of you have made good resolutions. Resolutions to be obedient, to control your temper, to do kindly actions to others, to remember that you are placed in this world for a purpose not just to please yourselves. If you have done this and have invoked the aid of the Father in Heaven Who loves each one of us, the New Year for you will indeed be a bright and happy one.

How many of our readers keep a diary? I think it is a splendid thing for boys and girls to write down each day a summary of their doings. In after years you cannot imagine how interesting it will be to look back at the different dates and recall the things which do not seem so very important and which might easily be forgotten if they were not recorded, and which you will smile at as happy memories when you grow up.

As I write this letter to you the snow is on the ground in Regina and the weather is very much colder, but after all we must expect it to be cold in winter time and it is a fact that people enjoy much better health when the weather is seasonable.

I have not received as many stories about your pets as I should have liked, but the competition is still open and I will keep it so indefinitely until enough girls and boys have written to me to make it possible to give a prize.

I am very anxious to hear from you all from time to time and take a real interest in your welfare. If there is anything you would like to know and will write to me about it I shall be glad to reply to your question and to give you the information you need. I will not write any more just now, but shall look for many letters from you soon.

Affectionately,
AUNT BETTY.

MR. SQUIRREL'S NUTS

Near the bottom of the nicest tree in the forest was a large hole where Mr. Squirrel and his family lived. It was a delightfully warm, cozy home and they all loved it. All the fall Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel had worked day after day, gathering nuts for their winter store.

"Well, Mother Squirrel," said Mr. Squirrel one day, "I think we have enough nuts to last us all winter. Now we can rest a little

and have a good time." So they raced about among the tree tops, and played and chattered as happy squirrels always do when their work is done.

These good times lasted until one fine day (when the Squirrel family had gone visiting) a little boy carrying an empty sack came along. He had a sour, disappointed look on his face until he spied that hole in the tree. At once he began to pry into it. Of course he found the nuts and had started to fill his sack when the Squirrel family returned.

How Mr. Squirrel chattered and scolded!

"Shucks!" said the boy. "The woods don't belong to you, you silly chattering things," and he went right on filling his sack until he had taken every single nut.

"Please leave just a few, little boy, or my family will starve this winter," begged Mr. Squirrel in despair. And Mrs. Squirrel and all the little Squirrel children begged too.

But the naughty boy just laughed and ran away with the nuts. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel felt so badly about the loss of all their winter food that they sat down and cried.

While they were crying, a little boy and girl came along, each carrying a basket. They stopped and watched the squirrels.

"Why, Buddy!" exclaimed the little girl, "I believe somebody has robbed their storeroom, and they'll never be able to gather enough for winter now." Then a sudden thought came and she whispered something to Buddy so the Squirrel family could not hear. The boy nodded his head eagerly and the children hugged each other. They were so happy over the wonderful surprise they had planned for the Squirrel family.

The little girl opened her basket and Mr. Squirrel saw that it was full of nuts. Then she poured them out at the foot of the tree. "Take these Mr. Squirrel," she said, "my mother and father will take care of us."

Her little brother emptied his basket too.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were soon chattering again as hard as ever they could, but this time they were saying "Thank you." The children went off with their empty baskets as happy as they could be, knowing they had helped a friend.

Meanwhile, the naughty boy was not satisfied with all the nuts he had stolen, and went about hunting for more. His sack was heavy and so he emptied it out on the ground. As he searched for nuts here and there he wandered farther and farther away. At last when he was ready to gather all his nuts together and go home, he could not find them. After awhile he gave it up and went home crying.

Soon after the little girl and her brother passed that way and found the heap of nuts. "We will call," said sister, "and see if these belong to anyone." They called and called and called, but no one answered. So they filled their baskets and went home with plenty of nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner.

A Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.

HINTS FOR BOY SCOUTS

Fuel for Fire

It perhaps may not always be easy to get wood for fuel and it is worth knowing that there are various other things that travelers use for this purpose. Bones of animals, especially if fresh, are very good; but even the bones of cooked meat, if added to a fire will burn well. The dry manure of cattle as found upon the ground is also useful and it is not at all disagreeable as fuel. If nothing better offers, dried seaweed will burn with great heat, although it does not make a cheerful fire. If large logs are being used for fire, two or three of them should be arranged with the dark ends in the fire. As they burn away they are pushed forward and are burned according to a regular system.

Seats for a Meal

If you are going to stay in one place for any length of time and have no furniture it is a good plan to dig a trench. This provides both chairs and table for you can sit on one side of the trench with the feet and legs in the hole and the other side of the trench makes a handy table. In this way you have a much more comfortable seat than if you just sat about on the ground or on any old log that happened to be around.

If you are not staying long enough in any place for it to be advisable to dig a trench you can gather up and dry litter that may be lying about and sit on that.

JUNGLE KITTENS

If you were to go to Africa, that strange country where all the circus animals live when they are at home, you might see a place where the grass grows taller than corn does here, and where all kinds of vines and creeping plants twine and twist themselves from the tops of trees different from any we have ever seen, and where thorn bushes and saw-edged leaves cut and tear one's flesh. This kind of place is what is called a jungle. And if you tried to enter it you would have to cut out a path with an axe, so tangled and thick is the growth. But if you were to look very closely, you might discover a round, dark opening near the ground, with the grass and vines coming together overhead, forming a kind of a green subway, or tunnel.

And if you were to get down on your hands and knees, and follow the tunnel as it wound and twisted, after a while you would come to an open place, where the sun was shining, and at the far side of the opening, you would see a cave under a big slanting rock. And in front of the cave you could not help seeing three beautiful, yellow striped animals, shaped just like over-grown kittens. Well, they are my brother, my sister and myself, and by this time, you have probably guessed that we are tiger cubs or tiger children. We have lived right here ever since we can remember, and think it is the finest place in the world for a home. No one knows we are here except our big, beautiful mother, and when

Mark Well!

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she comes home, she steps very quietly so as not to attract any attention. She generally stays with us during the daytime, and stretches out and goes to sleep back in the cave where it is cool and dark, but when the sun drops out of sight over the tops of the trees, and a beautiful twilight settles down over the jungle, she wakes up and has her bath, which with us, means licking her rump-fur into shape. And then she smells each one of us to make sure that we are her very own, and that we are all here safe and sound. And after a little while she disappears in the dark tunnel as silently as one of the shadows, and is gone. We are not afraid to be left alone, as on one ever comes our way at night, and the only sound we ever hear is the distant rumblings of a lion's roar, or the hootings and cries of the night birds. But we have a good time, as we can see much better at night than when the sun is shining, and we romp and play, just like little tame kittens. Sometimes we run round and round in a circle and try to catch our own tails, something, of course, which cannot be done, but then, it is great fun just to try. And sometimes we play that we are hunting, and will creep along on our stomachs and spring on a leaf, and pretend it was an antelope or a zebra colt. And sometimes we would play leap frog over each other, and sometimes we would run races to see which one could get in the cave first. And while we would be having all kinds of fun, mother would appear as silently as she went away, but this time she would have a half grown buck slung over her shoulder, and this meant supper was ready. So we would sit about her, and lick our chops, which meant we were ready as well as hungry. With her teeth and claws she would tear the prey into the size of pieces that we could manage, and leave us to our feast. And you know it is considered good manners for tiger children to snarl and growl while they are eating. There is nothing like learning good table manners when one is young, and then one never forgets it.

FOR TINY TOTS

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Straight is the path of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou shalt see
Ever the second following thee.

There was a little Rabbit sprig
Which, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.
When from a place he ran away
He never at that place did stay.

And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old;
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.
One day, as I am certified
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been walking since.

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Increase your income at home in your spare time. You can earn \$10 to \$50 each week writing show cards at home or qualify for a position paying a good salary each week. No canvassing or soliciting. We teach you how and supply you steady work. Write today for full particulars.

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RIP VAN WINKLE

Rip looked in vain for Nicholas Vedder with his broad face, double chin and long pipe issuing clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Brummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, pale looking fellow, with his pocket full of handbills, was talking vehemently about the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words which were a perfect puzzle to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty weapon, his uncouth dress and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in stupidity. Another short, but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat.

Rip was equally at a loss when a knowing, self-important old gentleman made his way through the crowd, pushing them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one hand on his side, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes penetrating as it were, into Rip's very soul, demanding in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

(To be continued)

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

The man who wrote the following fairy story was one of the wisest men who ever lived, but like many other wise persons John Ruskin realized the value of children and did not think it too far beneath his wisdom and dignity to write something which would please them, so he wrote the following fairy story for a little girl friend of his, and I am going to repeat it to you in this page, week by week, until it is finished.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

(To be continued)

Then the Fun Began



EARN MONEY AT HOME

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SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER

invites you to call in and see his stock of Harness for Spring. He has 50 sets to choose from and will be pleased to show you how you can save money, when buying Harness.

Our 'Big Arthur' got his first baptism of fire during the week end. Jim Baird sent out a hurry-up call for the police force and Arthur responded to the call at 'second speed.' Using diplomacy coupled with his usual tact, Arthur soon settled the trouble and the poor individual was carefully 'led' out of the hotel.

Happened to be strolling around a back alley the other day and we noticed one of the Councillors having a heart-to-heart talk with the Town Constable. We wonder what is in the wind.

The train 'blew' in on Monday. Guess the crew were glad to get out of this windy place.

We are pleased to report that all our sick folks are progressing favorably.

A lady of Carbon complained to us the other day that her name never appeared in our columns. We would advise her to do something desperate such as: visit Calgary or else kiss the Town Constable, then we will oblige her.

Thanks verely much Stanley for the 'Fifty-two Reasons.' Am sorry to report that the Baby got hold of the book and chewed up a few of the 'Reasons', and now we are seriously contemplating insurance (for the Baby.)

Mr McKinnon has just completed his building on Paradise Avenue. Quite an 'attractive building too.

We were reading Bert Tricker's Auction Sale Bills the other day. One of the items 'Lots of Cattle' to be sold. Evidently lots of 'Teas' where those Bills were printed.

Scotty McCubbin, 'Jim Phillips' handy man has returned to the fold. How are you wintering, Mac?

A few names for new Babies in England. 'Income Tax Rebate.'

The 'Dodge' finds it impossible to battle the snow on the Granger trail, these days. We don't blame the Dodge either.

C. H. (Toby) Webb says his lucky day is in February. We are just beginning to think that too. No 'arm done, eh Toby?

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TRUMBLAY & GRAY

Reasonable Prices and no waiting

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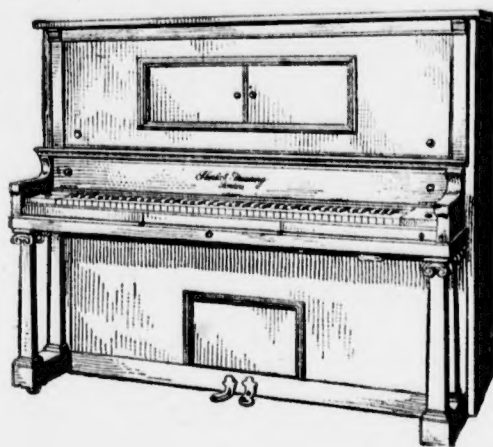
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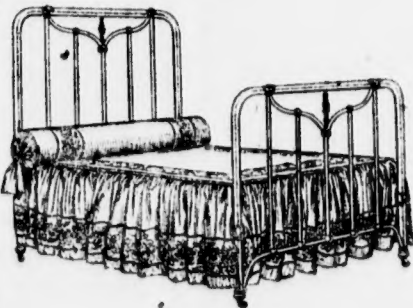
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Carbon Furniture Store



Wintering The Poultry

The home flock of poultry requires different care in winter than is given in summer. In so far as possible summer conditions must be imitated, as summer is the normal time for egg production.

One essential is exercise. Keep your hens busy all day long for the busy hen is the happy hen, and she will lay eggs. Their food must include hard grain in deep litter. Scratching for food is the natural means of exercise. Never overfeed but be sure each hen's crop is full when she goes to roost at night. If not overfed or out of condition, a hen will always have a keen appetite at feeding time.

If table scraps are fed (and they play an important part in the home flock's ration) it is best to combine them with a portion of the dry mash. Cut the scraps fine and use dry mash enough to take up all moisture. This is best fed at noon and only what the flock will eat up clean in ten minutes. Too much moist mash is too fattening.

Keep the houses as cheery as possible. A prepared disinfecting cold water paint or whitewash applied to the walls make a coop much brighter and more livable.

Winter has its own particular ills among poultry. The most common are colds, indigestion, and an egg-bound condition. Simple, timely home treatment will almost always put them in healthy condition and will save serious results.

If a bird acts out of the ordinary or refuses to eat she should be isolated at once. If the head is swelled, the eyes watery, or a nasal discharge is present, she has a cold. Quarantine her and put permanganate potassium crystals in the drinking water, enough to make it a dark wine color. Use this also for a few days for the balance of the flock, as a preventive measure. As soon as the sick bird shows that recovery is certain, give her the medicated water only every other day. Feed as usual. Disinfect feeders, and use creolin.

Indigestion is recognized by refusal to eat and the presence of food in the crop in the morning. There will also be more or less bowel trouble. Healthy droppings are firm and of a dark color with a white tip. Any other appearance than this indicates an abnormal condition. If a hen has food

in her crop in the early morning, take her away from the flock and keep all food from her until the crop is empty. More food will remain in the crop and spoil, making bad matters worse. A teaspoonful of baking soda to a cup of water for drink is all that she requires until the food is disposed of. Then give sweet bread, as this is the best first food until her digestive organs are working normally.

"Egg bound" is a common condition in pullets that are commencing to lay; it is caused by extreme cold, or injury, or an over-large egg. The bird is feverish, the eyes unnaturally bright, she pants for breath and her wings droop, occasionally she cannot stand up. Remove her to a warm room and give viburnum compound in solution of one teaspoonful of compound to an ounce of water, giving a teaspoon every few minutes until the pain is relieved. A medicine dropper is an easy means of giving a hen any liquid. Do not feed her until she is free from pain, and the crop is empty.

If it is desired to raise chicks next spring get the male bird early. The time for breeding stock is so short, delay will result in disappointment. Purchase a good bird to head the flock. Remember he is half the pen as regards the production of next year's stock. When he arrives from the breeder give him good care. If the weather is intensely cold, put him in some comfortable corner where he will not freeze his comb and wattles. This greatly injures a breeding bird, as he suffers great pain. If they do freeze through accident, give treatment without delay; thaw with snow or ice water and apply carbolated vaseline. It is a safe practice to anoint his comb and wattles with this on cold days.

See that he does not go hungry. Many fine breeders are so gallant they will starve themselves rather than eat the grain given the hens. If you feed them well, they will eat that the hens cannot reach, or from the measure, holding the bird meanwhile. The handling of the male makes him gentle and friendly and he will give better results in the mating.

Your hens are really egg machines, depending on the care you give them for the quality and quantity of their production.

Truthful Mirrors

"If ever I have a home of my own," laughed my sister, returning from upstairs whither I had sent her to adjust her veil, "I shall have a looking-glass in every room in the house."

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea I answered, and then, in a turn of conversation, forgot completely the remark."

Forgot, I should say, for the time being. Later—several years later—her words again flashed through my mind.

The same chiffonier mirror to which I had sent my sister to tie on her veil happened to be tilted in such a way as to show my feet as I walked back and forth making up the bed. A glance revealed to me with a shock the untidy appearance of the comfortable old shoes I was wearing. Before returning to the kitchen I discarded those shoes for a much neater-appearing pair. Had I realized before how they spoiled my appearance they never would have been worn at all.

After that I thought about mirrors in every room a good deal. What a boon they would be! No woman would long endure a face lined with wrinkles of discontent or temper if that face was to pop up before her no matter in which room she went. Neither would any woman like constantly to be meeting an untidy, careless person in her daily routine about the house.

I did wish I could afford a full-length mirror in each of our rooms. But ill-health, financial reverses and babies hadn't left pennies in our pocket-book for such luxuries in furniture, so I went on wishing, the while I pinned back a refractory lock before the small oval glass in the kitchen and glimpsed

myself a few minutes each afternoon when I changed my dress before the chiffonier.

Then, quick as the wind tossed aside a dead leaf revealing the hidden flower, my eyes were opened to the God-given mirrors I possessed. What cause had I to wish for bits of quick-silvered glass when upstairs, downstairs, indoors and out I had two of the most perfect reflectors a woman ever had? True, they did not reflect my personal appearance—to any extent—but, far better and more important, they mirrored my inner self, my daily nature, my disposition, my character. What more did I need than my two little baby boys?

The discovery was made on a day that was all sunshine to me. I had laughed and had sung about my work, and had played with the little fellows, as if all my worries and cares had dropped from me like raindrops from the waxen petals of a blossom. The result was marvellous. The two little lads who the day previous had been so whiney and cross and fussy, were transformed into veritable angels. They laughed and chattered merrily. They had forgotten how to quarrel and disagree.

The change was so marked I wondered about it. Why should they be so happy just because I was? I thought of the previous days. Why, then, were they so discontented and unhappy? The answer was not in the least pleasant. It could only have been because I, too, was cross and disagreeable. I felt ashamed. Were they mirroring me those days? I knew I was tired, and everything seemed to go wrong, but had I really been as bad as they pictured me? Yes, their naughtiness was simply a childish reflection of my ill-nature, and—it must stop—

I used to have a pleasant disposition. Must I day after day see myself so ill-natured? Never! The sun must shine and the sunbeams be reflected in my little mirrors.

The next morning Little Boy Junior awoke early. I hadn't slept well. The day was one of the rare ones we have when the sun is hidden. The fire wouldn't draw—nothing would go right. I suppose I was cross, but I didn't realize it till a cry from Junior and a long drawn whine from Brother brought me up short. So that was my picture this stormy morning. On my lips had been a scolding reprimand, but just as I would have smiled had I viewed a frown in the looking-glass, so now I laughed, suggested a change of play and began to whistle a lively tune. It was effective. My own spirits rose with my whistle, and the children's ill-nature vanished.

Daddy coming in shortly for breakfast stepped into the midst of a happy morning group.

"Music hath charms," he began, teasingly. "What's your new motto, Mom? Don't scold, whistle it?"

"Or sing it," I laughed. "But beware of your grouch, Dad, or the picture will change. The children were reflecting me when you arrived on the scene. Now they will reflect us both. If we don't want to see ourselves in an unpleasant light, we positively must keep happy and cheerful. We're always blaming the children for being cross when it is we, ourselves, who are to blame. I've learned a good deal about mirrors these last few days." I related my discovery to Dad's interested ears.

"So you think," he said as I ended, "that these rascals here" tousing Brother's brown hair and Junior's towhead, "are better mirrors than the ones on the walls? I wonder if you can see in them the reason I urge you to give up that sewing and reading you have been doing nights recently. You won't admit that your eyes look strained and that you are getting unbecoming wrinkles in your face from lack of sleep. Perhaps that's because you don't study your face carefully enough in the glass. Are these mirrors better reflectors?"

"They certainly are," I replied. "You'll never have to speak to me about that again, or about a good many other things. It is such a pleasure to see the children happy and to know they are reflecting me that I'll be willing to do anything to keep myself happy and good-natured. Mirrors on walls have their place and their use, of course, but you are oftentimes not your true 'commonordinary' self when you look in them. Besides, a small mirror never reveals but a small part of you."

"Yes, Dad," as he helped the small boys into their chairs at the table, "I'm fully convinced that for a correct, just-as-you-are-every day view of yourself, nothing can equal these babies. They are the only satisfactory 'little mirrors'."

How to be Well

Hip Disease and Housemaid's Knee

I do not want you to think that hip joint disease and housemaid's knee are due to the same cause. They are not, but as I do not want to make my "Dictionary" too long I am including the two together.

Let me have a little chat on housemaid's knee first, because it will take less time than my chat on hip joint disease.

The knee cap is a piece of bone. It is a delicate piece of bone, and Nature always protects all delicate things. Well, over our knee caps, and below them, is a little flat bag of liquid as a protector.

But if a man or woman does too much kneeling on a hard floor the little bag goes on strike, and gets inflamed, and then more liquid is formed and wet the swollen, puffy symptoms of housemaid's knee.

The treatment of this trouble is rest, with the leg up, and painting the puffy swelling with iodine. If this does no good, the doctor will what is called "tap" the swelling and let the fluid out, and inject some iodine and water in its place for a short time, and this is squeezed out again. Of course, only a doctor can do this.

To Get Rid of a Habit

Doctor Chalmers, the famous Scotch preacher, while riding on a coach alongside the driver, saw him suddenly raise his whip and strike the leading horse a sharp blow. The horse reared, pranced and danced about.

"What did you do that for?" asked the doctor. "He seemed to be behaving himself."

"There's a dangerous place in the road a little bit ahead," answered the driver, "and whenever this horse hears it he gets frightened. So just before he comes to it I give him something else to think about. It always works."

Doctor Chalmers did not stop chewing his cud until he got home.

Then he sat down and wrote one of the world's best sermons on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection"—which for practical purposes means: "How to get rid of one habit by substituting another."

That Scotch driver did not know it, but he had sensed and applied one of the greatest laws of human nature—the law of substitution and expression.

For instance: Little gangs of juvenile hoodlums used to infest congested sections of our large cities and make life miserable for everybody with whom they came in contact. Then along came the playground movement, based on the idea of supplying plenty of play space in which boys could vent all their dare-devil impulses on parallel and horizontal bars, trapezes, tall ladders, and other more or less dangerous apparatus. And the effervescing youngsters who formerly were promising material for our penitentiaries were put in a fair way to become community conscious, law-and-order-abiding citizens.

There are, of course, other cases—water on the knee, which comes from a strain or sprain, is very much the same. A little kind of watery tumor forms where the bursa, or bag of liquid which protects the knee is to be found, and rest, and iodine lotion and a bandage are needed. Do not risk being lame for life by not resting. Keeping the leg up is the only thing.

Then there is fluid on the knee through rheumatism. A doctor must always be consulted in all cases of these kinds. Not only outward application, but treatment by medicine is needed.

Hip Disease

Now let us turn to hip joint disease, which is nearly all of a tuberculous nature. Tuberculosis may take the form of consumption of the lung, inflammation of the brain, tubercular bowels, tubercular glands, tubercular bones. The two first are the most serious, the second being practically incurable.

Tubercular glands are very common and curable if treated early. The great secret is to seek medical advice at once when the glands are swollen up, and not think it is due to a cold and will get right itself.

Hip joint disease has a peculiar symptom. When it first starts no pain is felt in the joint, but in the knee and down the inner side of the thigh.

Be In Time

Later there are starting pains in the joint at night, and, if the child walks, the healthy leg seems longer now than the diseased one. But, of course, no child should be allowed to get to this stage.

I want to ask all mothers, if a child seems in discomfort, take him to a surgeon at once.

If you neglect these early symptoms he is apt to develop an abscess in the diseased bone which breaks through the skin or into the back passage. The pus may all escape, and if the child is healthy he will recover, but the joint will always be stiff, and think what a handicap that is for a man or a woman! So, at any of the early symptoms I have mentioned, safeguard your child by taking him or her to a good doctor.

And so with prohibition. It is claimed that the enormously increased consumption of candy today is due to the fact that so many people have been deprived of their alcoholic favorites and, instead, indulge their craving in sweetmeats. And one of the largest chain retail tobacco establishments in the world has installed as a huge side line CANDY for which they expect a tremendously greater demand because of prohibition.

The same principle holds good almost all along the line.

The way to cure indigestion or obesity is not to stop eating, but to change your diet.

Would you cure a lazy man? Give him plenty to do.

Are you pessimistic? Gloomy? Wet-blankety?

Think, read, talk, and act OPTIMISM.

Would you purge yourself of prejudice? Bigotry? Self-opinionatedness?

Think, read, talk, and act broad mindedness, tolerance, modesty.

Are you sensitive? Undecided? Shy? Easily flustered?

Think and try your utmost at all times to act the man of poise, action, self-containment, and self-control.

The man who is a victim of habits that make him ashamed and disgusted must practice not so much self-repression as SELF-EXPRESSION, not so much self-denial as self-indulgence in those things which make men strong and self-respecting.

For the way to get rid of a bad habit is not to "get rid of" it, but to substitute for it another and a good habit. And, happily, a good habit is easily acquired.

IMAGINATION

Some men are submerged by circumstances. Wright was submerged by a sense of his own little importance. When in the presence of other young men he felt inferior because he could not say the cynical and dare-devil things they said. When in the presence of young ladies he felt inferior because he could not patter nonsense and parry the good-natured shafts of their wit. At the factory he flushed each time the foreman addressed him, and felt his heart pound when the superintendent walked briskly past his machine. He did his work well and at night he studied, determined to be worthy of promotion if some miracle should bring him opportunity and the courage to accept it.

One evening he read an ancient story of a wonderful king who quit his throne at times and worked incognito as a tailor in order to learn the hearts of his people. As a tailor the king endured many affronts, but they affected him little, for he was forever conscious of his hidden royalty.

Wright found the story a key to a new world. He pretended being a king in disguise. When those who formerly had made gibes and found pleasure in his discomfiture sought again to make sport of him he smiled tolerantly and went his untroubled way as a good king should.

One morning the foreman did not appear for duty, and the superintendent and the big boss spoke in grave tones of his sudden death and the lack of a man to fill his shoes.

Wright heard, and said to himself: "I am a king and by no means as worthless as I seem." Then he left his machine and stood in front of his superiors. "I heard you speak of the foreman's death," he said. "I have studied his job for two years in order to be ready for it. I can handle it and you can depend on me."

The big boss and the superintendent exchanged astonished glances and then turned again to measure Wright. In his face and bearing they saw the calm assurance peculiar to men who know their jobs and see visions of bigger things, and they said in unison: "You are foreman."

One may feel more important than he is, but few are more important than they feel.

AUDITOR'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT and ANNUAL RETURNS OF THE MUNICIPAL DISTRICT OF CARBON, No. 278 For the Year 1920

I hereby Certify the Correctness of this Statement.

Dated at Carbon, this 26th day of January, 1921.

S. F. TORRANCE, Sec.-Treas.

O. H. KELLER, Auditor.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

RECEIPTS	DISBURSEMENTS	ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Balance from Previous Year 6252.80	Councillors' Fees and Mileage for Meetings 398.00	Balance— Bank Balance 6,385.54	Outstanding Cheques . . . 12,591.28
General Municipal Taxes . . 33,647.14	Salaries:— Secretary-Treasurer . . . 1,625.00	Cash on Hand 285.43	Uncoll. Supp. Rev. Taxes . . 4,857.43
Supplementary Rev. Taxes . . 8,406.22	Auditor 50.00	Uncollected— Municipal Taxes 19,951.26	Uncoll. School Taxes— Less Amount Paid in Excess of Collections . . 11,020.75
Seed Grain Advances Repaid 7,776.39	Assessor 50.00	Supp. Rev. Taxes 4,857.43	Uncoll. Educ. Taxes 3,769.65
School Taxes 22,734.66	Secretary-Treas. Bond . . . 6.25	Seed Grain Advances . . . 7,112.55	Uncoll. Hospital Taxes— Less Amount Paid in Excess of Collections . . 565.99
Educational Taxes 1,527.38	Telephone and Lights . . . 81.05	School Taxes 14,569.62	Uncoll. Wild Land Taxes . . 6,686.53
Hospital Taxes 5,010.60	Election Expenses 38.40	Educational Taxes 7,759.65	Notes Owng Bank— Municipal Account 19,000.00
Hall Insurance Taxes 20,360.26	Postage, Stationery and Supplies 625.29	Hospital Taxes 2,589.67	Seed Grain Account 7,250.00
Wild Land Taxes 3,944.74	Delegates' Expenses and Membership Fee 116.00	Hall Insurance Taxes . . . 4,179.21	Unpaid Roadwork 3,220.49
Loans from Bank 1920 38,844.80	Councillors' Fees for Insp. . 378.30	Wild Land Taxes 6,686.53	Balance Assets over Liabil- ities 7,736.04
Comm. for Taxes collect. . . 313.31	Legal Expenses 265.00	Office Furn. and Flxtr. . . 543.68	
Tax Certificates 23.25	Labor 19,775.41	Machinery and Tools . . . 5,090.00	
Lease of Road 5.00	Machinery and Repairs . . 1,544.03	Lands and Buildings . . . 2,990.00	
Hall Insurance Board 287.76	Material 4696.81	Comm. Due District 436.17	
Dept. Public Works 153.13	Paid to Department . . . 13,595.61	Overpaid to Dept. on Educational Taxes 223.60	
Rec. for Rent 135.00	Paid to School Districts . 22,796.30		
	Educ. Taxes paid Dep. . . . 2,500.98		
	Paid to Hospital Board . . 6,921.16		
	Town of Drum. Flu Exp. . . 1,938.49		
	Pd to Hall Ins. Department . 7,140.71		
	Paid on Loans (Princ.) . . . 29,147.35		
	Paid Interest and Exchange . 1,900.41		
	Refunds on Taxes 429.29		
	Destr. Pests and Weeds . . . 1,098.30		
	Outstanding Cheque 16,366.16		
	Tax Sale Costs Paid out Valuating 539.00		
	Other Disbursem. as follows: Build. (Inc. Land) 1,277.60		
	Office Furniture 316.58		
	Coal 58.75		
	Freighting and Sundry . . . 228.43		
	Survey on Road Div. 899.26		
	Balance— Balance in Bank 6,985.54		
	Cash on Hand 252.56		
Outstanding Cheques 12,591.28	Total \$162,013.72	Total \$79,278.84	Total 79,278.84
Total \$162,013.72			

Particulars of Assessment and Tax Account MUNICIPAL TAXES

	Average Assessed	Total Assessed Valuation	Current Taxes at 3 1-2 cts.	Rate per Acre 24.65	Arrears Including Penalties	Total Taxes Due	Total Amount Collected	Amount to Credit of Soldiers' Taxes	Exemptions and Cancellations	Amount Uncollected at Dec. 31, 1920
Total Lands except Leases	200,802.80									
Dominion Government Leases	1,080.00									
Hamlets (total lots) (Lots)	4.	5,055.70	27,383.70		28,408.09	55,791.79	33,647.14	169.38	2,023.91	18,951.36
Totals	201,887.80	5,055.70	27,383.70		28,408.09	55,791.79	33,647.14	169.38	2,023.91	18,951.36

SUPPLEMENTARY REVENUE TAXES

	Average Assessed	Total Assessed Valuation	Current Taxes at 3 1-2 cts.	Added amounts on Minimum Tax	Arrears and Penalties	Total Taxes Due	Total Amount Collected	Amount to Credit of Soldiers' Taxes	Exemptions and Cancellations	Total Amount Uncollected at Dec 31, 1920	Due Dept. at Jan. 1, 1920 on Previous Year's Collections	Total amount Paid Dept. During 1920
Total Lands except Lease	200,802.80											
Dom. Gov't Lease Lands	1,080.00											
Hamlets (total lots)	4.	5,055.70	7,046.87	9.05	6,488.41	13,541.36	8,406.22	70.71	210.00	4,857.43	5,190.59	13,596.61
Totals	201,886.80	5,055.70	7,046.87	9.05								

SEED GRAIN ADVANCES

	Amt. Guaranteed by Province on 1920 Loans (less Notes Cancelled)	Renewals for Years 1918-19 With Interest	Total Current Bank Loans and Renewals With Interest	Total Amount Repaid to Bank by District in 1920	Balance Owng Bank by District at Dec. 31, 1920	Amount Farmers' Notes 1918-19 With Int. Renewed in 1920	Total Current Advances and Renewals with Interest	Total Amount Repaid by Farm. on Notes During Year	Balance Owng District by Farmers at Dec. 31, 1920
Cash Sales	7,250.00	14,988.94	1,982.94	9,196.46	7,250.00	14,888.94	14,888.94	7,776.39	7,112.55

WILD LAND TAXES

Average Assessed	Total Assessed Valuation	Current Taxes at 1 p.c. Valuation	Arrears and Penalties	Total taxes Due	Total amount Collected	Exemptions and Cancellations	Total amount Uncollected at Dec. 31, 1929	Due Dept. at Jan. 1, 1929 on Previous Year Collections	Total Amount Paid During 1929
2730 31	41000	410 00	14959 26	15369 26	3944 74	4767 93	6686 53	3195 67	7140 71

SCHOOL TAXES

Name of School District	No. of District	Acreage	Total Assessed Valuation	Mill Rate or Rate per Acre	Current Taxes	Arrears Including Penalties	Total Taxes	Various Years Total Amount Collected	Amount to Credit of Soldiers' Taxes	Exemptions and Cancellations	Amount Uncollected	Amount of Estimate for Current Year	Balance of Estimate from Previous Yr.	Amount Paid School Dist. During Year	Amount Paid in Excess of Collections including Prev. Year	collections in Excess of Payments including Prev.
Avondale S.D.	1775	6372 00	171,600	4	686 40	546 02	1232 42	876 57			355 85	800 00		600 00		196 92
Barwood S.D.	2213	1118 46	228,800	8	2185 60	2493 48	4679 08	2306 90		35 60	1436 58	2100 00		2100 00		466 15
Church Hill	3838	8640 00	231,100	9	2003 90	91 60	2095 50	919 80			1175 70	1910 00		1919 00	990 00	
Gumbo S.D.	1646	2560 00	57,600	4	230 40	354 98	585 38	469 35			116 03	256 00		256 00		33 20
Garrett S.D.	3678	7709 00	196,070	8	1568 56	768 59	2337 15	1173 80		5 30	1158 05	1400 00	300 00	1700 00	820 50	
Gamble S.D.	1515	15968 00	427,100	4	1708 40	881 50	2589 90	1566 45		25 46	997 99	2015 00	275 00	1890 00	549 08	
Kern S.D.	3386	8960 00	269,400	5	1347 00	312 52	1659 52	1309 69			349 83	1700 00		1200 00	441 33	
Levelland S.D.	2777	640 00	331,200	9	108 00		108 00					107 00		107 00	1317 60	
Kirby S.D.	3801	12880 00	13,000	8	2640 60	90 30	2730 90	1182 40			1548 50	2500 00		2500 00		1 00
Lennox S.D.	2368	12636 30	328,400	10	3284 00	1747 76	5031 76	3403 79		96 93	4531 04	2834 75	1036 00	2834 75		337 30
Mount Vernon	3579	5127 00	129,600	4	518 40	361 70	880 10	425 15		31 55	423 40	475 00	248 00	723 00	300 20	
Marne S.D.	2753	12635 00	282,600	7	1978 20	1500 39	3478 59	2739 27		768 69	2970 63	1800 00		1800 00	497 74	
Mosher S.D.	3426	5120 00	133,300	5	666 50	232 55	899 05	855 50			43 55	650 00	10 00	650 00		168 06
Orkney S.D.	2776	13241 40	222,300	5	666 90	2229 87	2896 77	1756 84	38 65	88 10	1013 18	1300 00	250 00	1600 00		597 98
Rosebud Heights	3778	5120 00	124,600	5	623 00	180 80	803 80	784 17			18 90	515 50	200 00	715 55		537 90
Roseview S.D.	1671	3200 00	89,300	4	537 20	198 20	555 40	481 17			74 23	400 00		400 00	46 49	
Webb S.D.	2871	9980 00	172,930	6	1037 58	1638 73	2676 31	1475 08	155 07		1046 16	1700 00	100 00	1800 00	434 23	
Totals		141817 10	3407,900		21610 64	16628 99	38239 63	22734 66	193 72	1051 63	14259 62	21763 25	2419 00	22796 30	5397 37	2158 51

EDUCATIONAL TAXES

Total Lands except Leases	39333 18																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																				
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HOSPITAL TAXES

Name of Hospital District	No of Dist.	Acreage & Assessed	Total Valuation	Mill Rate or Rate per acre	Current Taxes	Arrears and Penalties	Total Taxes Due	Total Am. Collect.	Exemptions and Cancellations	Total Am. Uncollected at Dec. 31 '20
Drum hel Hosp. Dist.	3	95196 52	2379,900	3 1-2	3343 52	4443 75	5010 00	198	2580 67	6921 16

HAIL INSURANCE TAX

Total Curr. Taxes	Arrears Taxes	Total Taxes	Amount collected in 1929	Amount Uncollected at Dec. 31, 1929	Total Am. for-warded in '20 to Hail Ins. Board in Prev. Year.	Remarks
18233 04	5659 37	24892 41	2360 26	4197 21	17970 70	Cancellation 334 94

STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURE FOR DESTRUCTION OF GOPHERS AND OTHER PESTS

(Under Sub-Sec. 5, Sec. 196a, Municipal District Act)	
Total Amount Expended by District	Expended by Dist. not Chargeable to
During 1920 for Destruction of	Land
Gophers and other Pests	Amount
1098 30	1098 30
Gopher Poison distributed to	Ratepayers

STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURE ON ROADS

Location of Expenditure	Culverts and Repairs	Bridges and Repairs	Grading and Repairing Roads	Machinery and Repairs	Total
Division 1	638 45		2125 70	55 10	2819 45
" 2	465 52		2757 95	20 75	3244 22
" 3	899 89	465 00	2384 84	19 40	5569 13
" 4	395 95		3298 01	8 25	3702 25
" 5	300 00		2336 17	39 20	2695 37
" 6	1145 50	586 50	7972 99	70 50	9775 49
Totals	3645 31	1051 50	22895 90	213 20	27805 91

MEMORANDUM OF EQUIPMENT

Number of Sales 1, Desks 1, Chairs 12
Graders 6, Slush Scraper 13,
Ploughs 7, Burr. Add. Mach. 1,
Fresnos 18, Road Drags 6,
Side Hill Ditchers 2.

REPORT OF REMUNERATION OF COUNCILLORS for Supervision of Roads (Sec. 74, M.D. Act)

Division	Name of Councillor	No. of Days Engaged	Rate per day	Amount	No. of Miles Travelled	Rate per Mile	Amount	Total Remuneration
Division 1	C. M. Stenborg	10	4	40 00	150	.10	15 00	55 00
" 2	D. S. Near	10	4	40 00	230	.10	23 00	63 00
" 3	S. N. Wright	10	4	40 00	300	.10	30 00	70 00
" 4	J. Neher	10	4	40 00	255	.10	25 50	65 50
" 5	W. H. Levins	10	4	40 00	150	.10	15 00	55 00
" 6	G. E. Webber	10	4	40 00	178	.10	17 80	57 80
	S. N. Wright Work	2	4	8 00				8 00
	G. H. Webber	1	4	4 00				4 00
Totals				252 00			126 30	378 30

STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURE FOR DESTRUCTION OF GOPHERS AND OTHER PESTS

Total Amount Expended by Dist. During 1920 for Destruction of Gophers and other Pests 1098 30.

Gopher Poison Distributed to ratepayers.

PARTICULARS OF CREDITS AND DISBURSEMENTS OF DIVISIONS

Tot. Est. Exp. Under Sec. 292 \$21,000	Area Taxable Land in each Tp. or Div.	Amt. Appt. for Public Works to each Tp. or Div.	Bal. of Apport. from Previous Years		Net Credit	amt. Disbursed for Pub. Works During 1920	Unpaid Accts	Bal. at Dec. 31, 1920	
			Dr	Cr				Dr	Cr
Division 1	23,020 05	2055 75		187 90	2243 65	269 45	125 00	275 80	
" 2	30,690 52	2638 70		317 62	2956 32	2434 47	357 25	287 90	
" 3	37,053 68	4473 80		150 27	4323 53	7502 13		1245 69	
" 4	44,688 31	3595 40		41 10	3637 50	3581 25	121 00	65 15	
" 5	32,332 30	2339 65		421 52	2761 17	3413 37	279 00		60 80
" 6	34,103 04	5434 70	228 11			5517 55	2238 24	4568 00	
Totals	201,887 80	20,538 00	228 11	111 41	15921 17	24135 42	3120 49	4748 95	65 80

(Under Sec. 198, Municipal District Act)

Number of Resident Farmers in District, 325.

Estimated Population of District 2500.

Transient Residents in Drumheller District 1500.

(Under Sec. 198, Municipal District Act)
Number of Resident Farmers in District, 325.
Estimated Population of District 2500.
Transient Residents in Drumheller District 1500.

How To Remove Stains

Accidents will happen it is said—even in the best regulated households. One of the most common place is—an unsightly stain on your best tablecloths. There are various kinds of stains and splashes found on table linen. These should all be removed, otherwise they may become permanent.

Such a simple thing as an egg stain may become "set" into the linen, if it should be immersed in boiling water. Soak in cold water and the stain comes out easily.

The most common table linen stains are those from tea and coffee. When fresh these can be removed by spreading the stained part of the cloth over a hand basin and turning on the hot water faucet full, so the water will strike with force. The same effect can be obtained by pouring boiling water through the stained portion, from a kettle held high above it.

For cocoa or chocolate stains, sprinkle with borax and soak in cold water first and then treat with the hot water the same as for the tea or coffee.

When a fruit stain is set by suds it is practically hopeless to try to remove it, except by the use of some acid, which is apt to weaken the fabric. Ordinary fruit stains will always yield to boiling water poured from a height. Occasionally, however, one will find an obstinate one requiring more heroic treatment. These can be removed by dipping into a solution of oxalic acid. This, however, must be used with care. As soon as the stain has been removed immerse that portion of the cloth treated by the acid, into hot water and rinse through several other waters. Into the second rinsing water put a tablespoonful of ammonia which will prevent damage in case any trace of the acid should remain in the fabric.

To make a solution of oxalic acid, dissolve one ounce of the crystals in three-fourths of a cupful of hot water. Bottle and mark "Poison."

For wine stains apply a thick layer of salt directly on the fresh stain and then treat it with boiling water as for the tea and coffee stains.

Stains resulting from meat juice should be first washed in cold

water, then followed with warm water and soap.

Medicine stains always yield when soaked in alcohol.

Mildew is always the result of carelessness, but even so it will sometimes happen. To remove it, boil down shavings of soap, add to this an equal part of powdered starch, then half as much salt and lemon juice. Spread this on both sides of the material with a brush and lay it on the grass and let remain there day and night. For a mildew stain requiring more persuasion, there is the chloride of lime solution, which will remove even the most obstinate stain. After using this the linen should be rinsed thoroughly through several waters.

Iron rust usually yields to a few applications of salt moistened with lemon juice.

Place in the hot sun or over the steaming teakettle. Occasionally one will find an obstinate rust spot requiring more persuasion. This can be removed by applying a one-half strength solution of hydrochloric acid. This must, however, be used with care else it will injure the fabric. After the acid solution has been applied, plunge that portion of the linen at once into hot water and then rinse thoroughly through several waters so as to be sure no trace of the acid is left in the cloth.

Ink stains can be removed, while they are fresh and before they have been wet with water, by rubbing common baking soda well into the spot and then rinsing with warm water. Of course, ink stains can always be removed by oxalic acid, which is, however, likely to weaken the fabric.

For grass stains apply soft soap and ordinary baking soda.

Candle grease spots can be easily removed by applying blotting paper both over and under the spot and applying a warm iron.

Oil spots frequently can be removed by applying an absorbent such as flour or corn starch. Spread either one of these over the spot and allow it to remain for several hours. The process can be hastened by placing blotting paper or a cloth over the powder and applying a warm iron. The iron must not be hot enough to burn the fabric and should be left on until cold.

Economy Dyeing

Now that fall has come again, the practical woman who realizes the value of appearances, begins to think of ways and means of refurbishing her wardrobe and making her home attractive for the winter. Draperies, cushions, couch covers, rugs and clothing all come under her inspection. The hot summer sun has made them faded and dingy, but in these days of high prices, to cast them aside and buy new, would mean a big expenditure and is very unnecessary.

I believe that the economy of home dyeing appeals to every woman, and it is on the strength of this belief that I am telling of a few instances where I know personally of the success of such dyeing.

A man who very Christmas received several pairs of colored socks, refused absolutely to wear them. So they were put away in the hope that some day he would change his mind. Finally the pile had grown so big that the wife considered giving them to someone who would wear them. But fortunately before this threat was carried out she thought of coloring them black. So, with two or three pairs of faded brown ones she put them in a dye bath made from a good soap dye. After boiling about ten minutes a handful of table salt was added to set the color, and the boiling was resumed for twenty minutes longer. The process was so simple, but the result was splendid. A dozen pairs of black socks, most of them new! Some were silk and some were cotton but they all took a splendid black and never crocked a bit.

The small boy of the family one day announced that he would not wear white socks with fancy tops and longer. He was too old for them and only girls wore them anyway. From now on he would wear only plain brown socks. Because he had several pairs of white ones left over from the previous summer, his mother tried to persuade him that they would do this one more summer. But on seeing how badly he felt, she bought a cake of the dark brown dye and at the same time dyed two pairs of yellowed white silk stockings to match her brown ox-fords.

This same boy had a heavy dark blue sweater of which he was very fond, and therefore wore it all the time, until it was faded almost a red. A cake of navy blue dye and one-half hour's work made it look exactly as it did when new.

This last year when black hand-made sweaters were so popular, this same woman wanted one, but having several other colored ones it seemed foolish and extravagant to buy more wool. On looking through a box, however, she found plenty of gray yarn for a sweater. This she made into skeins and tied loosely in several places, and with the help of a cake of black dye, she had her sweater.

A large velvet rug had covered the hall floor for some years. In its day it had been a beautiful soft green, but had now faded to a dingy gray. She considered getting a new one to replace it, but on finding out the prices of rugs at the present time, gave up that idea, determined to make the old one do a while longer. One day when it was being cleaned out in the yard, it occurred to her to dye it a dark green. Two cakes of dye were dissolved, the water and salt added, and then all allowed to boil for some time. A second lot of dye was prepared in the same way so that one pan of dye would always be hot. The dye was then spread evenly on the rug with a broad paint brush. When the dye began to cool, it was put back on the stove and the other taken out and used. It spread much more easily while very hot. The rug was left to dry on the grass. When thoroughly dry it was brushed with a stiff broom to raise the nap. The result was entirely satisfactory.

These are all actual experiences of one woman, and with her, home dyeing plays an important part in her housekeeping.

Another woman who uses matting on her floors, dyed that in every room, using one cake to a gallon of water. The matting looked like new.

Opinions on a Husband

My Jimmy is what the statistics fiends would call an "average" husband. In casting about for his worst trait, I find that there are two of them, and I believe that Jimmy shares them with most of the husbands of my acquaintance.

In the first place—vanity! Why half the men I know fondly imagine that half the women they know cherish a secret but ill-concealed admiration for them.

Look at Jimmy. Just big, and bull-dog ugly, and, I fear, a little shabby and frayed out at the edges sometimes. Yet Jimmy is vain. He fancies that any woman who bestows a passing glance upon him is evincing an unmistakable personal interest.

There was the case of the little Peterson woman who had just moved to Our Town. When Jimmy rushed in after choir practice one night (I couldn't qualify for the Choir Inaudible) and confided to me rather breathlessly that Mrs. Peterson had a peach of a duet for the Easter service and insisted upon his running over for a little practice a deux, did I see pretty little Mrs. Peterson in the role of a wicked vamp? Alas, I did not. I knew Jimmy. And knowing Jimmy I also knew that when the harmless little practices a deux had begun to pall, he would make sheepish confession in this wise: "Can't sing much after all. Not my idea of a good-looker either. Thinks every man she meets falls for her, though."

There are women of course who instinctively recognize this peacock strain in the male of the species and play it up. And I'm not pretending that Jimmy misses any tricks. But what I do want to make clear is this: I have long since stopped running home to mother every time Jimmy takes a little flier in shop-worn romance. When more wives realize that their husbands are grown-up kids with an ingrowing vanity, there will be fewer divorce cases featuring the beautiful co-respondent.

If ever I divorce the best husband I ever had it will not be because he is tied to some other woman's apron strings but because he refuses to let me touch the family purse strings. He would give me anything in the world—except a stated portion of his salary for running expenses. We never have the things we need when we need them because we have no system in buying. Yet, before my marriage I was an expert accountant; my monthly check lacked twenty dollars of his; my business training was superior to his; I had saved more. In the face of these things, Jimmy refuses to allow me to conduct my housekeeping and personal expenses on a business-like, self-respecting basis.

It's tragic but it's true that most domestic upheavals have some relation to dollars and cents.

HE IS THOUGHTLESS

In my experience as daughter, sister, wife and mother, I have had opportunity to observe masculinity at close range and from several angles. When recalling the men I have known, I unhesitatingly say that thoughtlessness is the element above all others in man's nature that brings unhappiness to the hearts of those who love him. This characteristic is sometimes termed selfishness, but that seems too strong a word. Men become so engrossed in affairs that they do not think. Take, for instance, the much-talked-of morning paper, before which the young husband gulps his coffee as he scans the sporting page, and behind which the young wife gulps a sob as she yearns for breakfast table chat.

What's the matter? Had he thoughtfully decided that it is his privilege to read the paper at breakfast?

Not at all. The save-a-minute idea has absorbed him and—he never thought!

The year my husband went into business he suggested that we buy no Christmas presents for each other. Four days before Christmas he purchased for himself a pocket novelty he chanced to see. He gave me no gift; not even flowers or candy. He did not mean to be unkind. He never thought!

Christmas day he put his arm about me and said, "Dear, we have had a nicer day than if we had spent money the business needed for gifts we can do without, haven't we?" Tears flooded my eyes. He solicitously asked if I had been disappointed. I said, oh, no, only a little homesick.

I lied to spare him remorse!

I hope I may be forgiven for the many times I have done it since.

But shall we despair because the man we love does not always seem to be the loyal fellow we know he is? Let us rather rise to levels where we can forgive these true-hearted men of ours for their superficial thoughtlessness and be glad in their splendid qualities and true love.

HE FORGETS TO MAKE LOVE

I believe the general fault of men, after marriage, is their "take-it-for-granted-I-love-you" attitude. To it is due more unhappiness in marriage, and more divorces than to any other one thing. It is the first serpent in the Eden of matrimony. All too soon the honeymoon is over and the groom, becoming absorbed in ways and means of providing for his new establishment, forgets some of his lover-like attentions. A hurried and perfunctory parting kiss in the morning becomes the rule; the daily home-coming greetings are more often forgotten than given; little things these, but they often make the squall that slowly drives the matrimonial ship toward the rocks.

The young wife's hands are busy all day long with duties that center around her husband's comfort, her thoughts dwelling always on his home coming. She misses this spoken affection, and begins to think that her husband's love has grown cold.

Heart-hungry for a frequent expression of his love but too proud to show this yearning, there gradually comes a bitter droop to her mouth. The husband, sensing this change in his wife, but knowing no reason for it, becomes more of a clam than ever. Thus the breach widens.

If men but knew the magic that lies in the words, "I love you dear," they would not be so chary of their use. They are the leaven that lightens a wearisome round of daily cares that are often dull, often laborious. Naggings, querulous lips could often thus be bent to the beauty of a smile. Women crave this spoken affection.

This fault in men does not affect the "clinging vine" type of women only, but leaves its mark upon the women who have mental activities and resources with which to employ themselves. These may not voice their longing or consciously admit its existence, but every wife, who is honest with herself, will acknowledge desire for the spoken caress. It is the key to domestic happiness.

In the words, "I love you, dear," lies married magic.

THE BITER BIT

The well-known American humorist, Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, has been telling this story against himself:

Being desirous, towards the close of his recent visit to England, to book his passage back to New York, he applied at one of the London offices for particulars of sailing, and asked:

"Have you a ship called the Neurotic sailing to America?"

"No, sir," came the reply, "we have not."

Cobb had another go: "Then, perhaps it is the Rheumatic—can you book me a first class passage on that for New York?"

"No, sir, I cannot," replied the official, and then falling in with the joke, continued: "But I think I can fix you up all right on the Lu-natic or the Idiotic!"

That long engagements are less necessary now than they used to be, because young people have much more opportunity for meeting on an intimate footing before becoming engaged than they used to have.

The Boy on the Capitol

The golden youth poises lightly above the noble capitol building and gazes with delighted eyes on the thriving city stretching out far below him. He smiles proudly and lifts his torch higher, for his keen eyes can pierce even the pall of the future, and he sees promise of great things for this city of his.

Even now it is most pleasing to him. He knows its history, and is well aware that during the years before he came this metropolis was one of the most progressive. He knows that not so long ago it was merely a little village. He looks proudly down as he sees how it has developed from a tiny cluster of houses to the great city that now lies before him.

How it grows and expands before his very eyes! He can see the wide prairie all around its outskirts, but the city is ever stretching out its greedy fingers into the plains, and where he now sees open land the golden youth knows he will soon see the hurry and turmoil of town.

The smoke of many industries rises like incense to the youth's nostrils, and he looks gladly for the new altars that are being built every day. The roar and hum of the city comes to his ears like sweet music, and new notes are forever rising to swell the grand chorus. The golden youth lifts his torch like a gleaming beacon to guide the people of all nations to this city of his. They come in their hundreds, and are soon playing their parts in the advancement of the prairie metropolis.

Trains rush across the plains and glide into the city in their long lines. They come from all quarters, bringing their treasures to cast at the feet of the youth with the torch. Soon they are

gone again, rushing away with the wares the city has given them for the markets of the world. For the city has many wares to offer, and the youth laughs as he sees that in the days to come more and more trains will be needed to bear them all away to other lands.

The golden youth has eyes for more than this city of his. He claims miles and miles of the broad country surrounding it. On his arm he carries a sheaf of wheat and it is but a little symbol of the broad acres he owns. It is a symbol of the great fields of grain that stretch on and on from all sides of his city. It is a symbol of a prosperous land and of many well-stocked granaries. To the golden youth the great fields of wheat mean wealth untold for his domain, and they mean that this city of his will become one of the greatest grain markets the world has ever seen.

And the land yields more than grain for the golden youth and his people. Even from the far north-land they bring him tribute. Gold and silver and other precious metals come to him, and furs of great price, and countless other treasures. The world scarce even dreams of the secrets, which the future alone can reveal. It is a land of the future, this Manitoba, and the golden youth gazes down over a city of the future. The achievements of its past years have been wonderful, and the youth is exultant as he peers into the glorious years to come. He will always be here, the golden youth, and so long as he is here his city and his plains must prosper, for he is the spirit of Eternal Youth.

By Robert H. Ayre

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED
IN LIGHTER VEIN

A GREEN YULE AND A FAT KIRKYARD—THE DISADVANTAGES OF A MILD WINTER—THE DECADENCE OF BOYS' LITERATURE—SOME STIRRING TALES OF A PAST GENERATION—R. M. BALLENTYNE AND WESTERN CANADA—SOME ABSURD TRASH.

If it is permissible to inject a personal element into the columns of a newspaper, I wish to apologize for the hiatus which has recently occurred in this column and also in respect to the omission of certain weekly features for which I am usually responsible. I do not wish to attach any particular importance to my own scribbles but as they seem to have found some favour with western readers, perhaps an explanation is due.

In spite of this preamble there is really not a great deal to my explanation. It is simply that I have been laid by the heels for some time by a severe attack of sickness which at one time threatened to develop into that dreaded scourge of a changeable western winter, pneumonia. I am penning these lines from my sick-room, but I am able to sit up and take some notice, although my doctor still forbids me to take any liberties with myself. However, it will not happen again if I can help it.

There is an old Scotch saying that "A green yule, makes a fat kirkyard," and this season, with one of the mildest winters on record, there seems to be a good deal of sickness. Colds, which develop into pneumonia, seem to be the penalty of rapid alternations of weather, and scarlet fever whooping cough and measles, have been rampant amongst the younger population of the west. There has been an outbreak of typhoid of a particularly virulent nature which has resulted in several deaths at a Regina educational institution and a good many cases of small pox are reported from various points in Saskatchewan. The winters in this western country of ours are usually frosty and cold enough in all conscience, but it would appear that mild winters have their own drawbacks in the way of most unwelcome sickness and epidemics.

The typhoid outbreak referred to was apparently due to an unfortunate and individual condition. It was confined to one place and did not partake of the nature of an epidemic. The cause was soon controlled and there were no new cases. There has been, however, a shocking death rate amongst those attacked, mostly students who had come to the city for the superior educational advantages which it afforded.

There is nothing sadder than to see youth stricken down by the hand of death before life has been tasted, and when all its allurements beckon on. Maturity and age can bear to go, but it is pitiful to see eager young life resign the cup before the draft is quaffed.

In the early days of the present century, when our western towns were growing far faster than public sanitation, typhoid fever ran through the urban centres like a scourge. The mortality was appalling. I think it was during the winter of 1904, there was not a single house on Assiniboine Avenue in Winnipeg, that escaped the

disease; and the following summer Regina was like an hospital. So numerous were the cases in the Saskatchewan capital that the exhibition buildings were used to house the sick, and the old Roman Catholic church on Twelfth Avenue, had cots installed for those suffering from the disease.

It was noted that most of the sufferers, and almost all those who died, were new arrivals in the country, and old timers were to a great extent immune. I remember discussing this peculiarity of the epidemic with Dr. Coles, a Regina physician of experience and standing. He had a ready explanation, and it was a plausible one. He said that during the early days of the settlement many of the pioneers suffered each fall from a slow fever which was then known locally as "Prairie Fever." There were not many fatalities from it, but it left its victims pretty weak for a long time. Dr. Coles said that this sickness which was caused by bad sanitary conditions was really a mild form of typhoid, and those who suffered from it—and almost everyone in the country had it at one time or the other—were immune from further attacks. This hypothesis seemed to be justified by the results.

The colossal ignorance displayed about Canada and other portions of the Empire, by writers in British popular periodicals, is always a source of wonder to me. This is particularly noticeable in publications for young people. This was not always so. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Boys' Own Paper, which for several decades was dearly beloved of British lads, and which at one time had the distinction of being edited by W. H. Kingston, contained splendid tales of the Canadian prairies from the pen of R. M. Ballentyne, perhaps the most esteemed of boys' writers.

Ballentyne had spent some years in the Great Lone Land as an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in addition to the dramatic instinct which he undoubtedly possessed, his atmosphere was correct, and his characters, if rather too good to be true, were certainly recognizable. To many of us our first real knowledge of the prairie country came from a perusal of the pages of Ballentyne; and with what delight in latter years we met his characters in real life.

Who does not know Mr. Grant, the efficient fur trader; Mr. Kennedy, the peppery factor who had retired to spend a most irascible old age on the banks of the Red River; Jean Baptiste, and Henri the picturesque Metis voyageurs; and Harry, and Charlie, and the young Scotchman Hamilton, the apprentice officers of the great company. Those of us who have been in the country long enough met and knew them all. A bare thirty years ago they walked straight out of the pages of the Boys' Own Paper, clad in capote, cloth leggings, assumption sashes of scarlet or blue, and welcomed us to the plains.

Ballentyne has passed away and all the real knowledge that British boys can gather of Canadian conditions from the pages of their periodicals is not likely to do them much good. Indeed, judging from the material they contain, most of the stories of Canada which are now served up for the instruction or amusement of young Britain are written by authors who never saw the Dominion and contain some of the most absurd piffle ever penned.

During the eighties the literature purveyed for British boys was of a splendid standard. If I am not mistaken the immortal Treasure Island of Robert Louis Stevenson was written for publication in "Little Folks"; I remember when a youngster reading an excellent account of the capture of Louis Reil, in 1885, by Tom Hourie and Armstrong in "Young England"; and the serials running through the Boys Own Paper, included such splendid tales as W. H. Kingston's "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," and "Peter Trawl"; R. M. Ballentyne's "Red Man's Revenge"; Rev. T. S. Millington's school epic, "The Fifth Form at St. Dominics"; and Gordon Stable's "Cruise of the Snowbird." Although Mr. Stables did serious damage to his reputation as a geographer by making his boy adventurers hunt buffalo on the shores of Hudson's Bay, or was it on the coast of Labrador? He ought to have known better too, because he was a Royal Navy officer in the days of his youth. Nevertheless despite this lapse his tale is a noble one.

What boy of that generation does not remember the stirring story of the wanderings of the Snowbird and her adventurous crew in stormy northern waters; of Highland Alan, and English Ralph, and Irish Rory, and Captain McBain, and Yankee Seth; and above all the fight with the Danish pirate, in the fading light and a heavy beam sea, off the Shetland coast, when old Magnus Bolt, who long years before had been a gunner in the French wars, first he hulled the Dane and then with a second shot brought his top hamper about his ears, leaving him as helpless as a wounded duck, whilst the Snowbird sheeted home main and foresails and stood on her course.

The reading purveyed for the boys of those days was good, strong, wholesome material, that appealed to vigorous, wholesome imagination. The lads of this generation assimilate with any degree of eagerness the inane trash that is now served up to them in place of these stirring tales they must have deteriorated from the days of their fathers. I don't think they have deteriorated; I think the present day editors are to blame.

I have been moved to these remarks by the perusal of an annual entitled "Young Canada" which came to one of my young sons as a Christmas gift. Its editors and compilers obviously know mighty little about Canada, although it bears the imprint of a Canadian publishing house. The object of its title is obscure, as except for a few absurd stories, which are certainly not characteristic of the country, its contents have mighty little to do with Canada at all. One of these stories which tells of a runaway horse, and a lasso, and a race for life, is an utter joke to anyone familiar with ranch conditions. It is supposed to portray a certain feature of modern ranch life and it is as absurd as it is misleading.

The strange feature about this story is that the author of it, whom I knew well in times gone by, spent some years on a horse ranch in the Qu'Appelle valley, and should know better than to give publicity to such ridiculous trash. I suppose this stuff passes currency in the old country as experience of real life on the western plains. This story deals with a horse running away with its rider, and how a daring lad galloped up, and after a hot chase ran it down and lassoed it, just as it was about to plunge over a precipice.

In the first place no experienced rider of the western ranges would allow himself to be so humiliated as to let any horse—let alone a broken one—run away with him, and in the next place ask the first cowboy you meet

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: Farmer's Wife. How does camphor keep moths away?

Answer: Camphor, like most things which have a smell is what we call volatile, that is, it gives itself off into the air in the form of a gas. Like many other volatile things too, it is an antiseptic which is very bad for the lives of microbes. Now most things that are poisonous to microbes are poisonous to insects. Indeed, as a rule, a poison to any kind of life is a poison to all kinds of life. Camphor in large enough doses would kill a man. The camphor gives itself off into the air around it and as it is very poisonous to moths when they smell it, they fly away. It is a great advantage when antiseptics are volatile and all the most useful antiseptics are volatile. If a thing is not volatile it can only take effect on anything that actually touches it, and maybe not even then, unless the thing actually starts to eat it, which is unlikely.

If an antiseptic, such as camphor is volatile, it flies about in the air everywhere. Of course as it spreads the amount of it in the air gets less and so insects or microbes can get within a certain distance and not suffer; but if they go nearer they would be killed. Everything we put in a drawer, therefore, to preserve clothes is volatile and so can protect the whole drawer.

Question: Farmer. Will the earth ever stop spinning?

Answer: Everyone knows quite well that nothing stops spinning or moving unless something stops it. A top would not stop spinning but for the resistance of the air and the surface it spins on. The question is do we know anything going on now, or anything that is likely to happen in the future which may stop the spinning of the earth. The reply is that the tides have this effect, though many ages may pass before it is shown; that perhaps the mere presence of the ether in space has some effect of resistance; and that in all probability the earth will, therefore, stop spinning some day.

Question: Student. Why does a light go out in water but flare up in kerosene?

Answer: Water is burned or oxidized hydrogen. Being already burned it can be burned no more. When a light is dipped in water it is deprived of the oxygen by which it is burning, just as a drowning man would be. There is a little oxygen dissolved in water enough for fishes to burn or breathe by; but this is not enough to support a light. Perhaps it might be but that water is a very quick and good conductor of heat. So when a burning thing, or a hot glowing thing, like a red hot wire that is not burning is plunged into water, it very rapidly loses a lot of heat to the water, and so it is lowered to a temperature at which it cannot burn or glow as the case may be. But kerosene is a compound of carbon and hydrogen, each of which is very ready to combine with oxygen, that is to burn, when it is made hot enough. A light put into it does this, and so the light flares up, because the kerosene begins to burn.

whether he would take any chances in slinging a rope at a running horse with a stock saddle on it, far less one with a man in the saddle. There is only one way to capture a saddled horse with a rope and that is to catch it by the feet. These British writers who try to tell of our prairie conditions make one tired.

Why is it that Canadians who really know their own country and have the gift of expression—and there are many of them—do not tell us something real.

J. M. Hamilton

Question: What does materialism mean?

Answer: The word materialism although it has many slightly different meanings, always means more or less the belief that matter is the all important thing and that mind is of less or no importance. Even people who are anxious to be on their guard about this are liable to be guilty of making this great mistake in one way or another; and the outward difference between wisdom and folly depends not on how much a man knows but whether he knows this. It is materialism to worship the thing rather than what it means or to care very much about forms and ceremonies, and to forget His words when He said: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He also said: "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment."

Question: Does the shape of the brain mean anything?

Answer: The fact that the shape of the head does not correspond with the shape of the brain is one fatal objection to phrenology. Another is ever more serious. It is that the difference in the mere outside shape and even in the size and weight of brains are probably of little or no importance. The difference between brains are of very great importance, but they are to be found only in the grey matter of which the various parts consist, and in the number and shape and arrangement of the cells that compose the grey matter. These differences can only be seen when the brain is finely sliced and carefully examined by the microscope.

MAN OF READY WIT

Sir P. Lloyd-Graeme, the new parliamentary secretary to the British Board of Trade, is a man of ready wit, as the numerous stories about him abundantly prove.

On one occasion, for instance, an acquaintance of his who happens to be a staunch vegetarian, stated in his presence that he declined even to eat eggs, giving as his reason that they "would turn into chickens."

"The kind of eggs I eat wouldn't," objected Sir Philip. "Oh, what sort of eggs are those?"

"Boiled eggs!"

Another time somebody said to him that labor troubles cropped up nowadays with the regularity of clockwork.

"Yes," was his quick reply, "they do seem to have the strike habit."

IS IT YOUR FAULT?

I wonder if it is your fault if your life is too hard. I have spoken before of the proud mother who dresses her little girls in light cotton frocks and has to wash every day. I really do not think this is anything to be proud of. I know a young wife at the present moment who is taking a rest for some weeks in a hospital because she had this mania for dressing her children up. Her baby used to wear two or three clean frocks a day because she loved to see him pretty and would not put him into a dark colored overall.

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Masonic Degree for Harding

President-elect Harding will become a Scottish Rite Mason, January 5 when the Columbus Chapter will confer degrees upon him. Senator Harding will be the only candidate. The work will start with the conferring of the first degree at noon and end at 7.30 p.m., when the thirty-second degree will be conferred. Presidents Garfield and McKinley were members of the Columbus Lodge.



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Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

Have you noticed the tendency there is in some women these days to fight against their husbands instead of working with them? I mean financially. Because many husbands have abused their privilege of being the money earner of the household and have been unfair with their wives in this regard, some women have taken the attitude that men are all selfish creatures who want everything for themselves and from whom the last penny is to be squeezed whether it is needed for other purposes or not. Marriage, true marriage, is not a question of money. There is no doubt that most women, if left to themselves, even doing the same work as they do daily in their own homes, could have more money to spend than they do as wives and mothers with families about which to think. But then women, true women, do not marry for homes and money and a good time. If that were the object, then only rich men could find wives; the other women would rather earn their own money and spend it for themselves.

But I believe that most women marry because of that wonderful and impelling force called love, which, when it has discovered its mate would endure parched deserts, snowy plains, the poverty and dreariness of a wilderness, the homeliness of a lowly shack, just to be with the man of their choice. That is the wisdom of Nature. Without the beautifying and all absorbing influence of love, there could be no sacrifice, there would be no endurance, there would be no tolerance. Granting then that it is love which binds a man and woman together, his fortunes are hers, if he prospers she prospers, if he wants she wants, it is a wonderful partnership, not the woman trying to see how much she can drag out of the man for her own selfish pleasure and enjoyment. I heard a young woman one day remark that she would not save money for any man, what more did he think of her for it? She did not realize

that in saving it for him she was saving it for herself; that in his prosperity she would find her own. She seemed to think that each dollar she could drag out of him, whether he could spare it or not, to spend on foolish fripperies, measured the extent of his affection for her. Foolish, foolish! Such an attitude can but lead to unhappiness and discontent, because the more a woman pursues this foolish practice the more she wants to and the more her husband feels he is just a money getter for her and that she loves him just in proportion to the luxuries he is able to procure for her.

The money question is a vexing one, but I think that where there is perfect faith and understanding like every other problem in married life, it becomes simplified. If a man cares for his wife he desires her to have very good things which his means can afford, and if a woman loves her husband she looks ahead for the rainy day which may come and is careful not to tax his income too much, realizing once more that his loss is her loss, and his gain her gain.

How do you judge a woman. One of the surest marks of character in a woman and one which it is possible for her to alter is her voice? In these days of fast living, when we are all so busy, we cannot take time to be gentle, how many hard, raucous voices are heard. Sometimes a young girl, with a face like a peach and lips like rose petals will open her mouth and one's ear is shocked by the strident harshness of her tones. A soft, musical voice is very pleasant and many women could acquire this charming attribute if they would but take a little pains and remember to modulate their tones carefully. Oh what does it matter? some may exclaim. "What does any beautiful thing matter?" Everything that casts a gentle, beautifying influence on the world matters very much and it does matter that our girls and women should have all the marks of beauty and graciousness which go to make up a charming womanhood which charms its impress not only on the children of today but on the generations yet unborn.

Slowly but surely come in the Household Hints. I could wish that they would come in a little faster, but perhaps now that the Christmas rush is over you will have more time to think of all those little devices which women learn in the execution of their daily tasks which go to make work lighter and the dollar stretch further.

Prairie Woman is open to advise and help on all matters of domestic or human interest. If there is any special information you may desire, write and she will be glad to obtain it for you. If there is any trouble which you would like to share with someone else in order that your overburdened heart may find some relief, she will be glad to hear from you. So often, you know, "two heads are better than one." Remember that all letters will be held in the strictest confidence. Address letters to "Prairie Woman," 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Orders.

SHARPENING YOUR SCISSORS

There are few things more annoying than blunt scissors. Not many people realize that it is quite easy to sharpen these at home. For the purpose get a rather large knitting needle which is bright and free from rust.

Open the scissors and put the needle between the blades. Then proceed as if you were trying to cut the needle. Whilst doing this slide the needle between the blades towards the points. All the time exert as even a pressure as possible.

Let the needle come right clear of the scissors on each occasion, repeating the process six or eight times. Finally try the scissors, and you will find that they have been marvellously improved. If they do not seem to be quite as sharp as you wish, the plan might be repeated.

"Martha"

or
THE HOME OF
HER ADOPTION
BY E. L.

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Now there was this about Miss Stewart, hateful old thing. "Glad she is going to Canada, hope the bears will eat her up when she gets there." Lenore's idea of Canada was a very hazy one, gathered chiefly from reading books of adventure leant to her by her brothers. "And mother," she thought, "so cutting, so cold, when she speaks to me. She does not love me as she does Robert and Edgar; I know it. She thinks I don't, but I do, and I'd just as soon go to school as stay here anyway. The quicker I am through school, the quicker I shall come out and get married and be mistress in my own home, where there will be no Miss Stewarts." Poor Lenore, she had yet to learn that the first step to being mistress of others, is to become mistress of one's own life, and so far Lenore was allowing life and its circumstances to conquer her.

And while Lenore was nursing her supposed grievance in her dainty white bedroom, which looked out over the broad acres which she proudly thought were but her rightful inheritance, Anna Stewart who on the death of her father, a major in the army, had been glad to take the teaching position offered her by Lady Dunstan-Graham wept as she packed her things and got ready for the change which she was about to make. Anna wept because she had failed to win the confidence and respect of the high-spirited young creature who laughed her overtures of friendliness to scorn and who merely thought her kindness was weakness. Her mother, a sweet and delicate lady, had died years before and on the

tunes her only brother Philip, after seeing her safely sheltered as Lenore's governess, had emigrated to Canada. He was working on a homestead in Saskatchewan and his letters said that he was desperately lonely. He explained that while most of the people were kindly enough, yet life was rough and needed the humanizing touch of a woman's hand. He hated to ask her to come to that wild place, who had been so delicately nurtured, but said that if she would come it would make him so happy and that together they would face the odds and eases of life and fight for fortune. Also she could teach school in the settlement. Anna smiled as she read the bit about "fighting for fortune" it was so like adventurous Philip. He was enthusiastic and masterful and was so sure that fortune might be wrested from the world if one were only determined enough and anxious enough to work for it.

Anna was a typical English gentlewoman. She was somewhat nondescript in appearance. Her face was fair; her hair shiny and soft, plainly and carefully dressed; her costume was neat. Her eyes held a gentle, kindly light in them and one would never have dreamed to look at her of the depth of passion and affection in her nature, but Anna Stewart, for all her mild and gentle appearance, was true blue. She had many convictions of her own; she had strong, deeply-formed principles of life and character from which she would not have swerved an inch, even in face of death. But in ordinary life she was little, and mild and mousy, never asserting herself so that people did not notice her much and rather thought her a milk and watery type of person with no initiative and very little character of her own. But in this they were mistaken. Once Anna had made up her mind to take a certain course, had it led through fields of blood and death, she would have gone, once convinced it was the right course to adopt and so Lady Dunstan-Graham found when she endeavored to dissuade the gentle little thing from facing the dreary wilds of Canada.

(To be continued)

Large, But Seldom

The guilty ballplayers may now form a Ponzi League, which means a lot of money once and then nothing.

A La Mode

Shopper—"I want to get a fashionable skirt."
Saleslady—"Yes, madam. Will you have it too tight or too short?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Do you think a young baby should be taken out, or put out to sleep when the weather is twenty below zero?

A. No, I think that the climate in this country is much too severe for a young baby in the depth of winter, and the mother who exposes a child in this way at such a temperature is taking a great risk of inducing bronchitis, croup, weak tonsils and like ailments from which the child will suffer all its life. It should be remembered that a little baby does not produce heat itself and therefore feels the cold much more than a grown up person. The house should be kept well ventilated and free from stuffiness, but I think any good doctor would agree with me in advising you not to unduly expose an infant in this severe western climate.

What kind of food should be given to a child a year old? Anxious Mother, Mildred.

A. The very plainest of good, nourishing food. It is safe to make milk at this age the chief article of its diet. So long as a child, even up to five years of age, is given plenty of safe, clean milk it will be well nourished and does not need meat as the milk contains all the protein and fat necessary. It is stupid and cruel to give children the same food as grown-ups eat. Heavy foods merely upset their digestion, perhaps laying the foundation for life-long stomach ailments, and even in childhood makes them dull, cross and peevish. Perhaps it is hard not to give the child things for which he craves, but it is much harder to see him sick. He is your child, you can rule him if you will, and the rule that will develop a healthy body with a sound digestion is surely the kindest and the wisest.

Mrs. Morris, Lanigan. I have a baby about seven months old, and she is very bright and cute. My husband thinks the world of her and I believe counts the hours in the day time until he can come home to supper and play with her. Then he has a great game. The baby loves it as much as he does, and dances and squeals with delight as he tosses her, tickles her and bounces her around. I have read and have been told that this is harmful to a child, but I cannot see any ill effects at present although she will not sleep at night. What do you think?

A. Yes it is hard, or it seems so to deprive a fond father of the enjoyment of playing with his baby which no doubt he thinks is the Most Wonderful Baby in the world, but if he truly loves the child and is a sensible man, when it is explained to him what delicate little brain boxes babies have and that it is wise not to excite them at such an early stage if we wish them to develop safely and normally into the capable instruments necessary to guide them through their strenuous lives. Surely a wise parent would be willing to sacrifice a little temporary enjoyment when the health and well-being of the child they love is at stake.

LAWS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN IN SASKATCHEWAN

Deserted Wives Maintenance Act

An important, although very brief act was passed in 1911, dealing with this subject. The act defines a deserted wife as a married woman living apart from her husband because of his acts of cruelty, or of his refusal or neglect without sufficient cause to supply her with food and necessities when able to do so.

A married woman deserted by her husband, may summon him

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INVENTIONS

before the court, which means a district court judge, or a police magistrate, sitting and acting as a justice of the peace, and the court if satisfied that the husband, though able, or partly able to maintain his wife or his wife and family has willfully refused or neglected to do so and has deserted his wife, may order that the husband shall pay to his wife such weekly sum, not exceeding \$10.00, with or without costs, as the court may consider proper, having regard to his means and to any means which the wife may have for her support and the support of her family.

HOW TO REMOVE SOME STAINS

Scorched Spots

Have you ever had a shirt waist with an ugly yellow scorched spot just where it shows the most? Rub the spot with moistened ivory soap and put the garment in a sunny window. Sometimes the discoloration will disappear if the dress is simply placed in the sun to bleach. A thin mixture of starch and water may hasten its removal.

Iron Rust

Iron rust stains are easy to remove. Simply get a little cream of tartar and rub on the spots, letting it remain for an hour or more. Then wash the place and if the spot has not quite vanished rub again with the cream of tartar. On colored goods or wool a special application of citric acid solution will remove the trouble. Oxalic acid or oxalic acid may be used if great care is taken. Apply it very sparingly, just touching the spots. Salts of lemon is also good if the spot is small.

Acid Stains

If any common acid like lemon juice or vinegar is spilled on a dress it may change the color. If you sponge the spot lightly with ammonia in some water, a tablespoon of ammonia to four of water, you may restore the color.

TWO SUITS FOR ONE

To provide the tailor with material for two suits of clothes where now he has material for only one is the seeming promise of a recent announcement from Leeds University, England. The textile department of the university has been experimenting with cotton waste, hoping to make artificial wool of it, and now it appears that the hope is realized, that the new material comes successfully through various severe tests, and although its limitations prevent it from being used in the production of yarn, its short fibers can be successfully employed in the manufacture of cloth. Cloth woven half of artificial and half of natural wool makes a fabric very much like tweed, and Prof. A. F. Barker, head of the department that has been carrying on the experiments, believes that he has a new fabric which is less expensive than wool.

Professor Barker, however, evidently does not contend that artificial wool is "something just as good" for clothes as the natural contribution of the woolly sheep, or that gentleman who can afford real wool are likely to go dressed in 50 per cent. cotton waste. But the new wool seems likely to wear well and look well, and, as prices rule nowadays, many who a few years ago would have been little interested, will read about this experiment at Leeds University, and hope that the product will be available by the time they find that they really have to buy a new suit.

Writer Dead

Mrs. Matilda M. Crawford of this city, author of the story "The Woman of the Country," died on Sunday.

DR. ROBINSON'S FAMOUS HEALTH AND SEX BOOKS



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Sexual Knowledge for Men 1.50
Dr. Sperry's Famous Sexual Knowledge Talks with Young Women \$1.50
Sexual Knowledge Talks with Young Men 1.50
Husband and Wife, A book of information and advice for married and marriageable 1.50
Ideal Married Life, by Dr. M. W. Allen 1.50
Treatment of Gonorrhea 4.00
Talks on Sex Education, by Dr. O. C. J. Withrow 1.25
The Road to Healthy Old Age, or Old Age, Its Cause and Prevention, by T. B. Scott, M.R.C.S., Eng., Edinburgh 1.50

Send for Catalogue of Publisher's Sacrifice Sale
FREDERICK D. GOODCHILD
266 King West TORONTO

JAMES PHILLIPS

McLAUGHLIN and FORD GARAGE

FORD and McLAUGHLIN CARS.
If you want a good Second Hand Car call and see us.
We have one Ford in good running order and one
McLaughlin also in good order.
Will sell or trade for quick turnover, or will sell on time.
Also one new Top Buggy and Democrat at a Bargain.

CLUB CAFE

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and SOFT DRINKS
W. POXON, Proprietor

REAL ESTATE LOANS INSURANCE

H. A. EVANS

Office: Municipal Hall.

ALEXANDRA TEA ROOMS

Ice Cream & Confectionery
Our new Stock of Candies
Just Arrived

THE STOP MINE

The International Construction & Mining Co.
Capacity: 50 ton a day. Price \$3.50 a ton at the mine.
\$3.00 for Running Mine. \$1.00 for Screened
For this Month and next month only.
No delay in waiting as we can load 3 teams at the time.
JAMES AIELLO, Manager.

NOTICE

If you are figuring on Installing a Furnace or
Troughing your House, I can save you money.
I also do Repair Work
Bring Your Pails and Pans that have Holes in
them and have them Repaired
C. E. HANNAY, Tinsmith

DRAVING
and
COAL HAULING
at reasonable prices
HARRY DOLING
CARBON

FOR SALE or for trade for a
good Ford Car a J. I. Case 10-20
Engine and Plows. Can be seen
in Carbon any time. Address to
JAMES RAMSAY, Carbon.

FOR SALE. — Purbred Bramah
Bronze Gobbler, 2 yrs old in May,
weight 25 lbs. Price \$10.00.

C. SHORLAND,
1/2 mile West and 3 miles north
Are we going to have a Dance after
The Dixie Jubilee Concert. I'll say
so.

Mr and Mrs F. Wilson are spend-
ing a few days in Calgary.

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given
that there has been introduced in the
Council of the Village of Carbon a
By-Law of which the following is a
short synopsis (a By-Law for the re-
straining of Animals at Large) and
that a copy of same may be seen in
each of the following places: Post-
Office, Hotel and Office of the Sec-
Treasurer, and further that unless
within thirty days of the publication
of this notice at least ten resident
electors of the Village petition the
Council to submit such By-Law to a
Vote of the resident electors of the
Village the Council will proceed to
pass same.

ALEC. REID,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr C. A. McDonald safely returned
from the city of Calgary where, ac-
cording to his narrative, many queer
accidents happened to him. We are
wondering if the roof of his mouth
was sunburned while looking at the
sky-scrubbers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Mr Piper will preach in the Pres-
byterian Church next Sunday eve-
ning. Let everybody go. Mr Robert-
son will go to Gamble and Swallow
district.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

There will be Mass in the Church
of Carbon the last Sunday of the
month, Feb. 27th.

Evidently our hint in last week's
paper about the delinquent owners of
dogs, did some good, for we noticed
some of our canine friends wearing
new neck ornaments this week.

Mrs A. Mack, whose husband is em-
ployed at the Crown Lumber Co.
here, has taken up her residence in
Carbon.

Mr Les, Racine and Bride have re-
turned to Carbon after a short honey-
moon in Calgary. We wish them
every happiness.

It is reported that the "Greasy
Spoon" has passed away. "Unwept,
unheard and unsung." Why not a
cenotaph on top of 'Spion Kop.'

We hope to have lots of news from
the South for next week's edition, as
soon as our correspondent can inter-
view some of the young 'Bloods.'

Mr Alec. Reid, Sen., returned from
Calgary lately after successfully dis-
posing of a carload of fat cattle.

We have just noticed that a new
camp has been pitched in the village,
but up to the time of going to press
we have not been able to ascertain
what purpose they have here.

A few of the younger people jour-
neyed to Grainger on Monday evening
to attend a Dance there, and they
all reported a splendid time.

Messrs Fuller and Harper have dis-
posed of their Butcher Business to
Mr Francis. They say they will be
able to satisfy former customers with the
same efficient service and first class
meats as heretofore obtained.

Councilman H. M. Thorburn enter-
tained a number of friends at an in-
formal birth-day 'party' last night.
We understand this is his 43rd, and
offer our congratulations to our
worthy councilman and hope that he
sees many more birthdays.

Mr Wm Cardiff, of the Bank of To-
ronto, is a Calgary visitor this week.
We wonder if there is a School Teacher
or Nurse's Convention in the Big
City.

Mr Chris Johnson who is the holder
of a very valuable coal lease in the
vicinity of Hesketh, has sold 40
acres of same at a good consideration.

Mr Stanley Torrance and H. Dou-
glass are visitors in Calgary.

Mr and Mrs D. I. Pope are taking a
short trip to Calgary.
Mrs C. H. Nash is giving a party
this evening.

FATHER'S ADVANTAGE

The children of a traveling sales-
man were having an altercation
when their mother interfered.

"You children, of all others,
should not be caught quarreling.
Why, you never heard your father
and me quarrel in your lives."

Little Ann, still brooding from
the hairpulling her brother had
given her, answered.

"He's not home long
enough."

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

"All right back there?" bawled
the conductor.

"Hol' on hol' on," shrilled a
feminine voice. "Jes' wait till I
gets mah clothes on."

And then as the entire carful
craned their necks expectantly, she
entered with a basket of laundry.

A. SHELINE

AUCTIONEER

If you contemplate holding a Sale, see me as
My Prices are Right. I Guarantee All Settlements.
YEARS OF EXPERIENCE
Reference: Merchants Bank of Canada. Phone 11
For dates, See Mr. Peters, Carbon News.
THREE HILLS Alberta

W. L. TOLTON

AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other informations address to
HARRY EVANS, - - - Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres
in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public
(Also of Ontario Bar)

Local Agent for
Dominion Life Assurance Co.
Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale
CARBON Alberta

BY-LAW No. 14

A BY-LAW of the Village of Car-
bon to regulate and govern Tax-
Drivers, Automobile Liverymen, Hack-
men, Omnibus Drivers, and all per-
sons performing work with Horses,
Mules, or Motor Driven Vehicles
within the Village for hire or Gain.

1st. That no person or persons
shall for hire or gain directly or in-
directly within the limits of the Vil-
lage of Carbon be allowed to contract
or hire, with any of the above Ve-
hicles without first having obtained
a Village License and paid the neces-
sary fee therefore. That the words
Taxi Drivers shall mean drivers of
Vehicles of any kind used for the pur-
pose of conveying passenger within
the limits of the Village of Carbon.

2nd. That \$25.00 be the License
Fee for each Vehicle used.

3rd. That any License issued un-
der this By-Law shall not be tran-
sferable.

4th. That every License issued un-
der this By-Law shall expire on the
31st day of December of the year in
which it is issued.

5th. That every person or persons
the owner of a Vehicle used for the
purpose above mentioned, shall have
a License receipt with the number
which they must have for inspection
at any time upon demand by any one
of the Village Officials.

6th. Any person or persons guilty
of a breach of the provisions of this
By-Law shall upon conviction before
a Justice of the Peace or other Of-
ficer having jurisdiction be liable to
the penalties provided for by the By-
Law No. 5 of the Village of Carbon,
being a By-Law to provide for the
enforcement of the By-Laws of the
Village of Carbon.

Done and passed in Council as-
sembled at the Village of Carbon this
fifteenth day of February, 1921.

R. S. SHIELDS,

Reeve.
ALEX. REID,
Secretary-Treas.

AT THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

SATURDAY, FEB. 19th.

MARY MACLAREN

featuring in

The Weaker Vessel

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week	
Choice	\$ 8.00
Good butcher	7.25
Medium butcher	5.75
Common butcher	4.50
Feeding	5.25
Stockers	4.00
HEIFERS	
Choice	5.75
Good butcher	4.00
Stockers	4.50
COWS	
Choice	6.25
Good butcher	5.25
Medium butcher	4.25
Common butcher	3.75
Stockers	3.75
Canners	2.50
Springers	65.00
OXEN	
Choice	4.50
Common	3.50
Canners	3.00
BULLS	
Choice heavy butcher	4.50
Medium butcher	4.00
Canners	3.00
VEAL	
Choice light	7.00
Heavy calves	4.00
SHEEP	
Wethers	7.50
Ewes	5.50
Lambs	10.00
HOGS	
Off cuts	14.75

Who kicked that dog don't
know well, we know that Sandy
showed up at his old haunts again.
there's a reason fine ice-cream
delicacies, soft drinks and best
chocolates in Carbon as well as
Service but that wasn't the only
reason — ask Sandy.